

# Borknagar, A Tale Of Pagan Tongue

The sun descended to the ground  
Behind the mountains, in the sea  
A one-eyed man wanders sullen to the highest hill  
There he will survey over those surviving will  
The flaming shores are yet unseen  
In spite of dawn, the horizon sleeps  
The sea gleams with lethal cold  
Witness yourself here, alone yet bold  
The night is born, the christlings thorn  
The sun seems dead and somehow forlorn  
And the moon lurks above  
The beasts they howl her song  
Told to be unchained at the day of doom  
Their random laws, taught by the Gods  
Are to be redeemed when He sets sail  
There will forever be this ancient tounge  
Primal wisdom from natures own longue  
Count the shores of the utter coast  
And fear peace forever most  
When time is ripe to revive the past  
Let us see who stands triumphant